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*Bunny Robinson*

# SKYLINE TRAIL



No. 57

**MARCH**

1950

ACT 102



# It's Easy To Become a Skyline Hiker

## *Who are the Trail Hikers?*

The Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent group of alpine enthusiasts who each year hold a five-day camp in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise in Alberta.

## *What are their principal aims?*

Among their principal aims are the encouragement of hiking over Rocky Mountain trails, the construction of new trails and the maintenance and improvement of those already existing, the preservation of our national parks, and co-operating with other organizations with similar aims.

## *Can I become a member?*

You or anybody else can join the hikers at any time you wish. Membership is open to all — irrespective of sex, age, color, creed or profession. We welcome new members to our organization.

## *What are the requirements?*

To become a full-fledged member it is necessary to have accumulated a minimum of 25 miles' hiking on Rocky Mountain trails. This is usually acquired by most hikers at their first five-day camp. Annual membership fee is one dollar.

## *Is climbing experience necessary?*

The answer is no. We are not mountain climbers; we do not scale cliffs with ropes and crampons. We are walkers of the uphill and downdale type. The hikes are not strenuous and can be enjoyed by anyone who likes a good walk with a side order of spectacular mountain scenery.

## *How do I join the annual hike?*

To join the annual hike send your application to the Secretary-Treasurer, Skyline Trail Hikers

of the Canadian Rockies, Room 284, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que., Canada, accompanied by a five-dollar deposit. Your deposit will be refunded if you alter your plans on or before July 1.

## *What is the total fee?*

Total cost of the hike is \$30.00. This includes tepee accommodation for five days, meals in camp, bus accommodation between Banff (or Lake Louise) and starting point of hike, transportation of duffle to and from camp, and gratuities.

Sleeping bags can be rented for \$5.00 each for the camp's duration. Rubber ground sheets and blankets are provided at no cost where these are required.

## *When are the hikes held?*

The hikers usually hold their annual camp over the last week-end in July or the first in August. This year the dates are Saturday, July 29 to Wednesday, August 2, inclusive.

## *How are camps set up?*

Camps are made up of Indian tepees, constructed and decorated by the Stony Indians who have a reservation at nearby Morley. The tepees are equipped with vents so as to permit the lighting of fires inside when nights are cool. Three to four hikers can share a tepee in comfort.

## *Can I keep pace with the vets?*

You don't need to. At the start of each day's hike, members are divided into groups according to their experience, their scenic tastes and the amount of hiking they wish to accomplish. Each group has an experienced guide to lead the way.

## *Well, what am I waiting for?*

Nothing at all. Send in your application!



It's Time to Look Ahead;  
It's Time to "Sign Up!"

TO all you enthusiastic skyline trail hikers — and with apologies to Mr. Webster — we submit our own definition of the word "time".

"Time", we suggest, "is the stuff between last year's hike and the next."

And in case you haven't noticed it, we might remind you that the stuff has a habit of flying. As a matter of fact we have already passed the half-way mark on the road between last year's hike and the hike scheduled for the summer of 1950.

Many of us have derived much satisfaction from reminiscing over the trail of '49. Now it's time to look ahead at that not-too-far-distant trail of 1950 that will lead to Bryant Creek Meadows — this year's magnificent campsite.

You will note by Past-President Holmes' descriptive article that we have something really super lined up for your 1950 hiking pleasure. In fact, we have reason to believe it might well be the "best yet" in our 18-year-old history!

What's more, we want you to be there to enjoy it. We know, by past experience, that many of our last year's hiking companions, and those of earlier years, will be back to join in the fun again this summer.

They too will be looking forward to renewing

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The Skyline Trail

Official Publication of the Skyline Trail  
Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

The editor invites all members to contribute any news items or photographs they consider might be of interest to Trail Hikers in general. Any such material that cannot be used promptly will be kept on file for future issues or returned promptly. Address all communications to

GRAHAM NICHOLS  
Secretary-Treasurer,  
Skyline Trail Hikers,  
Room 284, Windsor Station,  
Montreal, Que.

friendships made with you on previous hikes.

Reservations have already started to trickle in. The trickle will increase as the season advances. We can only accommodate approximately 70 hikers on each trip. We must give precedence to those who are first to submit their applications.

There are still plenty of vacancies on the line-up. Later on there will not be so many. Now is the time to submit your application accompanied by a \$5.00 deposit. Your reservation will be promptly confirmed.



Many Thanks

● To those members who have contributed photos and news items for this issue of the "Skyline Trail" we extend a great big editorial orchid! We sincerely feel that these contributions have added much to the interest of the little mag.

The "Skyline Trail" is designed to serve a dual purpose — to keep our own members advised as to developments in the organization and to show potential members what they miss when they don't go on a trail hike. Many present members confess they were first attracted to the organization by items and photos appearing in the "Skyline Trail".

We also appreciate any suggestions our readers may have in mind for improving the publication. You'll find we're good listeners when at the receiving end of a good suggestion.

The Editor





## *Scaling Ptarmigan's Summit*

by Guy M. Everett

**I** FIRST discussed the possibility of climbing Ptarmigan Peak with Bea de Lacy while admiring the view as we made our way over Boulder Pass and along Baker Lake on the first day of the hike.

Ptarmigan Peak, looming up to dominate the surrounding landscape, made an imposing sight. From the south side its talus and scree slopes piled endlessly up the broken cliffs to the serrated skyline. The more spectacular north face of the mountain came into view as we descended Deception Pass and first saw the enormous cliff bands which drop sheer from the very top. Here also one could observe Ptarmigan Glacier on the northwest side with the afternoon sun blazing on the snow and ice.

Both Sydney Vallance and Lou Shulman had been up the peak several times and had proffered helpful information regarding the route.

It was not until the last day of camp that we started out after a leisurely breakfast. We made good time back over the pass but instead of descending towards the lake we turned along the east side of Ptarmigan in order not to lose altitude already gained on the pass. Small cliffs made some excursion from a direct line necessary but we succeeded in keeping well up on the shoulder. Now the climbing became much steeper up scree slopes to a series of broken cliffs.

After talking it over, Bea and I had decided to work upward rapidly at this point in order to avoid several miles of scree slopes. We had our ice axes but were without a climbing rope so the route had to be as simple and safe as possible. The only difficulties of the climb were encountered on this section where a narrow scree covered ledge was traversed for fifty feet. Each step sent showers of rocks down the cliff and we were glad to get upon more secure ground.

The terrain now changed to a seemingly endless pile of broken rock. It was here that we saw several groups of ptarmigans, beautiful birds with protective colors so like the rocks of their high abode. The mountain was well named for we encountered at least a dozen of these birds, many with young.

We decided to have lunch beside a small stream that was fed by the snow fields far above us. We were most thankful that many white fleecy clouds covered the sun almost continuously, otherwise the white and yellow rocks would have been uncomfortably hot. After a long drink of cold water and a short siesta we began the last and steepest part of the climb. The scree and rocks were jagged and rough but gave good footing. As we started up the last section we could see the skyline looming ahead.

When we reached the crest we were disappointed to find that the peak was to the east and still several hundred feet above us. It could only be reached by a narrow ridge which fell off in formidable cliffs on either side. It was not difficult however and we were soon making our way up the final slope to the top. A large cairn had been built here and a tin can contained all the names of past climbers including, a record of the first ascent made in 1911. The view was wonderful of the Lake Louise group to the south and looking up the valley to the north we saw the Trail Hikers' tepee camp.

After a short rest we started down as rapidly as possible using scree glissades wherever we could. Three hours after leaving the top we reached camp. It was raining and we felt somewhat guilty for having gotten back so late for the meeting. It was a pleasant surprise when we walked in the pow-wow tent to find that Bea had been elected the new president.



# The Duffle Bag

by FUZZY and WUZZY

FOLLOWING last year's hike Shirley Rourke cycled from Lake Louise to Natural Bridge and back to Calgary. Hike or bike — Shirley takes it in her stride.



Connie Swartz tells us more re poem "Reflections" appearing on page 25 of October issue. "My uncle wrote it" says Connie, "and it was published in the London Spectator about 1902." Connie took temporary leave of Salmon Arm earlier this winter for a holiday in California.



Hiker J. J. Plommer of Vancouver wishes it known that Ptarmigan Creek "refresher" (October Bulletin, Page 6) is nothing more than cool clear water. "It will be necessary for you to explain that I am not in the habit of partaking of strong drink," says Mr. Plommer. "Otherwise I may go down to posterity bearing an undeserved stigma."



Jean Stewart, our comely M.C. of the nightly singsongs, just can't stay away from the Rockies — even during the snow season. Right now she's at Sunshine Lodge in that winter wonderland south of Banff. No doubt she now has every skier acquainted with words and music of "Two Blue Pigeons".



Orchids to E. P. Holmes, Margaret Vey, Dr. A. "Sandy" Somerville, Mary Weekes and Dr. Guy M. Everett for literary contributions to this issue of the Bulletin . . . Editor also thanks following for hike photos: Des Gabor, Jean Galbraith, Margaret Vey, J. J. Plommer, Mrs. S. R. Vallance, Mrs. R. C. Riley, Jeanne Hunt, Doris Watson, Anne Fallis and Evelyn R. Davidson. Their co-operation is much appreciated.



Applications for 1950 hike coming in a-pace . . . Olive Hanley reported on western trip. Long time no see, Olive . . . Dr. John Murray Gibbon signed up for second five-day ride. Here's hoping he's on hand for hike too . . . Watch next Bulletin for names of applicants received to date.

*Hikers march into winter. Hobnailed boots crunch in granular snow as flowers bloom a few footsteps beyond.*

(M. Vey)



*Round the cook tent — Syd Vallance, Sir Oliver Wheeler, H. E. Sampson, Jessie Hudson. Under canopy are Shirley Rourke and Margaret Vey.* (A. Somerville)



*The bride and groom strike a pleasing pose for photographer. Fellow hikers dot the shoreline.* (D. Vallance)





## "Forty-Niners" Take It Easy

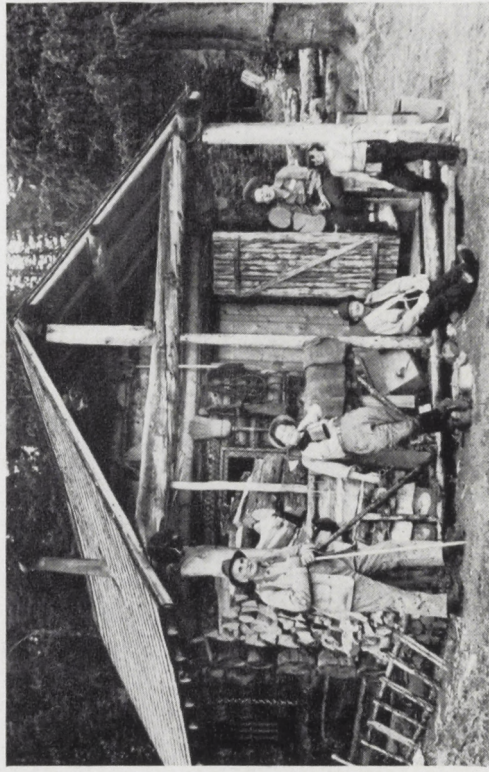
All photos by "Sandy" Somerville



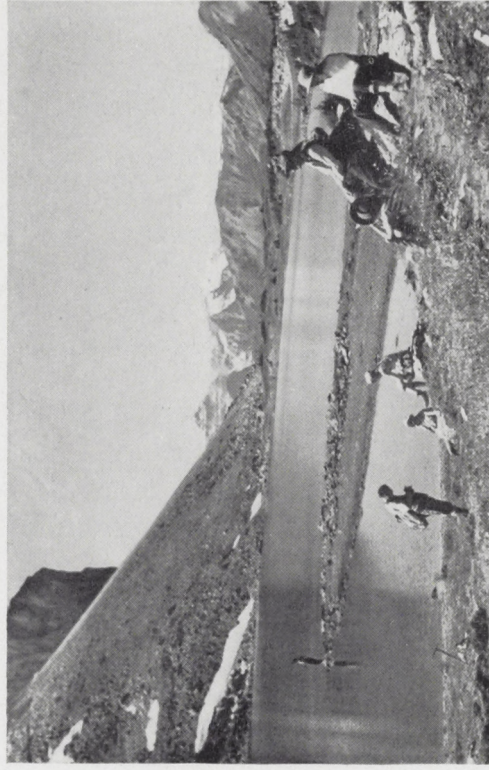
*Shirley Rourke stands beside three fellow bikers at Ptarmigan Lake. Mt. McBride in background.*



*Threesome at Skoki camp, from left: Jessie Hudson, Frances Ferguson and Lady Wheeler.*



*Forty-niners at Red Deer river warden's cabin are, from left: J. J. Plommer, the misses Shirley Rourke, Anne McDougall, Frances Ferguson and Evelyn Davidson.*



*Hikers stop to rest and fish at Ptarmigan Lake. Caroline Hinman is already trying her luck with rod and line.*



# Climyrocks and the Three Bears

A one-act play, based (almost) on a well known fairy tale, as enacted at the 1949 camp of the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies. Rewritten from original script and submitted to the Bulletin by Margaret Vey of Tranquille, B.C., and narrated by Frances Ferguson.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CLIMYROCKS - - - - -	Jessie Hudson	MOTHER BEAR - - - - -	Betty Blair
FATHER BEAR - - - - -	Bruce Ferguson	BABY BEAR - - - - -	Margaret Vey

ONCE upon a time there were three hiking bears. Father bear was robust and energetic. He led the party. Mother bear was handicapped by bunions, so she hobbled along behind father. Baby bear was small and sickly so he brought up in the rear.

One fine day this trio decided to go for a hike in the beautiful Rockies. They started out early in the morning, and hiked on most of the day. Towards evening mother and baby bear were beginning to lag farther and farther behind. Father realised that it was time to start looking for a campsite. He decided upon a place just past the Skoki Lakes. It didn't take them long to make camp, and get their sleeping bags unrolled. Soon they were in bed singing as they dropped off to sleep:

*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho,  
It's off to sleep we go,  
To dream of trails,  
And dinner pails,  
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho.*

Next morning they rose at daybreak in order to get an early start on their trip. Before leaving, they tidied up the camp as all good bears do. Mother packed the lunches, and they were all ready to leave by six o'clock. They started out feeling spring in every step, singing as they strode:

*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho,  
It's off to hike we go,  
To Merlin Ridge,  
Or Natural Bridge,  
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho.*

Now there was a little girl with golden curls who also had a yen for the hills. For obvious reasons, her friends nick-named her Climyrocks. It was such a beautiful day that Climyrocks decided to go for a climb. She went over hill and dale, and before she realized how far she had gone, Climyrocks was in the heart of the Skoki Lake area.

By this time she was beginning to feel just a wee bit tired. All at once she spied a most invit-

ing camp, just across the creek. When she got there those sleeping bags looked so tempting that Climyrocks decided to stop for a little rest.

She fitted herself into the big sleeping bag, but alas, the spruce boughs dug into her, and the zipper didn't work. Then she tried the middle sized sleeping bag; it wasn't too bad, but there was no flannelette sheet in it. When Climyrocks saw the little sleeping bag she just had to try it too. She slipped into it and found that it was just right, in fact it even had a hot water bottle in the bottom of it. In a very short time she was fast asleep.

The three bears had a long, but enjoyable hike. They not only went to Merlin Ridge, but also collected some interesting fossils on the way. They were late in returning, and had been invited to Skoki Lodge for tea on the way back to camp. Poor tired Mother nearly dropped off to sleep, the chair felt so comfortable, and baby was nearing a state of exhaustion too.

After this nourishment, the weaker members of the party regained enough strength to get the rest of the way back to camp with father, humming as they trudged:

*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho,  
It's back to camp we go,  
We'll sleep tonight,  
With all our might,  
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho.*

Their camp was a most welcome sight. They had their supper and were glad to crawl into bed early that night. Father bear got into his sleeping bag saying how comfortable it felt. He didn't mind the sharp spruce boughs, his skin was so tough. Mother bear simply collapsed on top of hers. She didn't like a flannelette sheet in her sleeping bag, because the lint came off on her fur. Baby bear was approaching his sleeping bag when he noticed that it looked a bit lumpy. As he came closer what should he see but the beautiful golden curls of Climyrocks! At this surprising sight he cried out, "Look Mom, she's a blonde, you can keep your old fossils!"



## *There's a Wonderful Trail A-Winding*

by E. P. Holmes

**I**T MAY seem strange to talk about skyline hiking in February. The good old summertime — particularly the significant month of July — seems a long way off when the winds from Thule sigh around the eaves and whirl snow into every crevice they can search out.

But cheer up, fellow hikers! The 1950 winter will pass as all others have. Spring and summer, with the reviving breath of nature is waiting around the corner. The flowers will bloom again and the creeks and streams will sing with gladness at being once more free to gambol over the rocks and shoals. The birds will warble and the aroma of spruce and fir will fill the air. Then our thoughts will turn, with longing desire, to the Rocky Mountain trails we love so well.

After exploring a wide area east and south of Banff, your trail committee has selected an ideal campsite at Bryant Creek meadows on an open plateau, more than 6,000 feet above sea level.

Less than two miles east of Marvel Lake, the camp will be within a bow-shot of the Mount Assiniboine wonderland — one of the most spectacular areas in that section of the Rockies.

From Banff we will be transported eastward by bus along the main highway to a point just west of Canmore, some 14 miles distant. From here buses will take us along the private road of the Calgary Power Company to the head of Lower Spray Lake, a thrilling new approach to a magnificent hiking country.

We have hopes too that by summer the road will be passable to the junction of Bryant Creek and Spray River, an additional four miles. This will leave us with a five-mile hike up Bryant Creek to the proposed campsite, the greater part of which is high plateau country. Should this last four-mile stretch of road be impassable for buses at the time, we have been assured of transportation by truck.



*Hikers Climbing Deception Pass*

*F. W. E. Round photo*



*Putting it  
away at  
Bryant Creek  
Meadows.*

The scenic thrills will begin in earnest as the busses proceed along the Calgary Power Company's private road which skirts the southern end of Mount Rundle and crosses what is locally known as Whiteman's Pass, a spectacular narrow gap between Mount Rundle and Chinaman Peak (another local cognomen). The route continues thence southward up Goat Creek between Goat Range and the Three Sisters group.

The first six miles or so, after entering Goat Valley, are mostly bush trail with Goat Range on our right and the back of the Three Sisters group on our left. Then soon after crossing the divide between Goat Creek, whose waters flow north, we enter the Spray Lakes area where the waters flow in a southerly direction.

The country is now open plateau and vistas appear in all directions as we continue along the road that follows the curve of the lakes and river. As we enter this watershed from the north, we first pass Upper Spray Lake, obtaining a grand view of Mount Lougheed, a 10,190-ft. peak lying about two miles to our left. To its south appears Mount Sparrowhawk, while some miles east of the Lower Spray Lake we are treated to a glimpse of 10,315-ft. Mount Bogart.

Closer in we see Mounts Buller and Engadine, while directly south from the present road end, at the foot of the lower lake, Mount Birdwood rises to a height of more than 10,000 feet. On the southern horizon we may see three mighty peaks



— Mts. Sir Douglas, 11,174 ft.; Mount French, 10,610 ft., and Mount Robertson, 10,400 ft.

To the older hikers these names will bring back memories of the first World War. In fact, most of the mountains in this area are named after World War I leaders.

To our right as we proceed along this stretch of the road, we spy a range of mountains running northwest, similar to the Sawback Range west of Banff. Then leaving Lower Spray Lake we follow the Spray River to a point where it is joined by Bryant Creek. Enroute we pass beautiful Spray Falls. From the junction of Bryant Creek and the Spray, it is a hike of approximately five miles to our camp at Bryant Creek meadows.

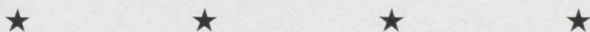
The hike into camp this year will be more spectacular than any previously experienced by hikers in recent years. Let us survey our surroundings. To the south and east in the immediate foreground we see 9,230-ft. Mount Turner, looking like a western hat with the dents straightened

*(Continued on page 18)*

All members who have not yet paid their annual membership dues for 1950 are requested to do so with as little delay as possible. The amount is only a dollar and the funds are required to help the organization meet its operating expenses. Payment of dues will be promptly acknowledged with official receipt and the new membership card.



# Norah and the Scarlet Fascinator



"Just the thing for trapping mosquitoes — good for ventilation too,"  
taunts author's severest critic

by MARY WEEKES

THE DAY was cold, the temperature 40 below, just the kind of day, I decided, to undergo the ministrations of one of those so-called beauty specialists, known as beauticians. I would indulge in a facial massage and a hair-do. For one thing, on a day like this, I would run little risk of meeting — well, any of those prestigious friends who would relish seeing me with my hair in the rough, so to speak. It was wash day, Monday, and most of my catty friends would be stuffing their Connors and Beattys with the family wash. There would be no one to view me at my horrible worst. It was my day.

However, lest there be one spurious female of my acquaintance in the sanctum devoted to the science of beauty, I would take along my scarlet fascinator to clap over my head on my journey from the shampoo department to what might be called the mechanics section where the beauty operators, or mechanics, clamp upon the clients' hair those diabolic gadgets known as "curlers".

All went well and I had no need to protect myself with my scarlet fascinator, which was sent me as a Christmas gift by a thoughtful eastern friend to brave "Saskatchewan's arctic climate," as the few other martyrs to beauty whom I noticed in the beautician's emporium were unknown to me. I kept the frivolous thing in my hand, however — just in case.

Nothing happened until, with my hair twisted into a hundred jingling, jangling infernal curlers that gave my head the appearance of an animated caterpillar, the operator popped me under the electric hair-dryer. These dryers are contrivances without reason. The crown of the head scorches while the lower part, including the neck, endures chilly blasts. When the ancilla mechanic turned her back upon me, I twisted the scarlet fascinator round my neck.

And then, who should appear in the aisle but my glamorous young friend, Norah — her hair

a golden aura framing her comely face. It appears she had been in a special drying room, hidden there, I suspect, by the pasty faced operator to worm out of this golden girl the secret of her radiant skin (the skin you love to touch) and the mystery of her spun silk hair.

As she had emerged from the far end of the aisle, I had not seen her approach, and there was I with a scarlet fascinator separating my body from the jangling, clanking caterpillar that was my head. Now Norah is beautiful always — and quite breathless in those wispy fancies that vain women don to reveal their shapes — while I, fully aware that at best I am nil, was looking my ghastly worst.

"Fancy meeting you here," she said, in the Hollywood manner which she often affects, "and wearing that!" She glanced contemptuously at



*What Norah misses — informal delights of  
teepee life with companions of the trail.*



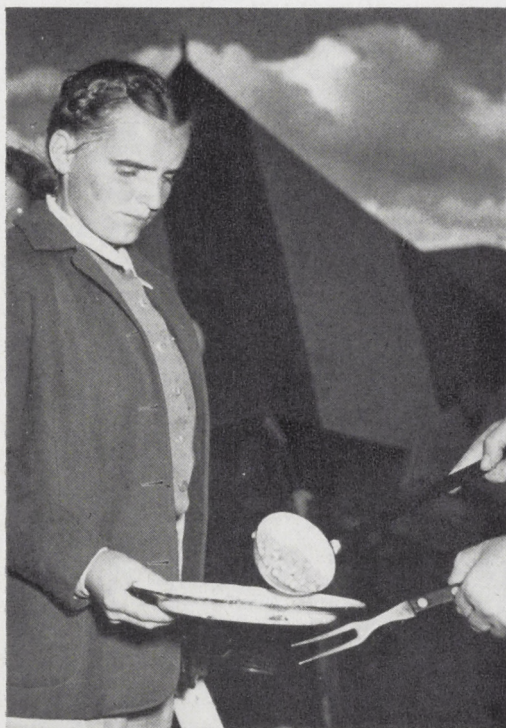
the scarlet fascinator that I was slyly withdrawing from my neck. "Quite a thing! A sort of line of demarcation would you say, marking where the armament leaves off and you begin?"

At best I wilt under Norah's whipping tongue, but taken at such a disadvantage with my head a cannonade, as Norah observed, and not seeming part of me at all, the retort that my normal mind might have been brave enough to compose was impossible now. Even my brain seemed to have undergone the metamorphosis that had overtaken my head, and I could only smile inanely. Better, thought I, to let pseudo friends unclothe my every wrinkle, witness my armament-clad head than suffer Norah's reproachful eyes.

"How are you enjoying your holidays?" I asked, pointedly ignoring her remark.

"So, so, thanks. I was coming along to see you this afternoon, but let's chat now. Shall we discuss that trail hike you didn't take? Too much for you, I suppose. Thanks for sending me the Bulletin."

Only my extreme fondness for Norah and my devotion to good form prevents me from, to use a vulgar expression, "slapping her down," literally, when she makes these acid remarks. But then who would slap down a beautiful butterfly?



*This beats restaurants*

## Lots of Buttons

● There's no need to have a blank spot in your lapel these days — not if you're a skyline trail hiker with a minimum of 25 trail miles to your credit.

Why not glamorize that vacant spot with one of our handsome enamel-faced membership buttons which bear the order's familiar insignia?

Cost of the buttons which come in two attractive color-combinations — with red or yellow predominating — is only \$3.50, postpaid. Designed in popular "screw-cap" and brooch styles, the button can be worn with equally effective results in lapels, hats or jackets.

"I had planned to be there," I said coolly, "but at the last I found it wasn't possible."

"I scanned the magazine", Norah went on, unperturbed, "The hilarious antics of these Rocky Mountain cut-ups always amuse me. Each year they seem to develop new stunts. Who were those characters posing "on top of the world" or some such legend? Don't tell me one of them was a *she* in shorts. And her companion, was he a sailor escaped from solitary confinement, or only the editor cutting up? Very mately they seemed. But the picture that thrilled me was the Scotsman with the wee Scotch bonnet striding as if in the Scottish highlands."

Despite the zizz and whirr of the monstrous dryer, I managed to protest, insisting that all are extremely nice people who get together to hike the mountain traits. But the jangle of the diabolic curlers drowned my voice, I expect, for Norah continued as if she had not heard me.

"Of course their hiking outfits grow sillier and sillier. I should definitely like to bring that all-knowing editor, Graham, up to date on suitable hiking apparel. Oh, don't defend him. I've read his clothes advice to female hikers. Poor things, with him as fashion monitor, they rig themselves out in pants and shirts (tails flapping like the flippers of seals), leather jerkins and hats suitable for Spanish cavaliers.

"Now if the gals would choose something bright and gossamery, like this," said she, seizing my scarlet fascinator which I had slipped unobtrusively into my lap, "to flout or flaunt in the faces of their trail mates, there would be some sense to the matter."

*(Continued on page 14)*



## A Few Reminders of Last



*No, this is not how bikers negotiate the trails of the Canadian Rockies! It was, however, an initial mode of transport for skyliners enroute to the starting point at Temple Lodge.*

*Des Gabor photo*



*Not all trails are as easy to follow as the one between Temple and Lake Louise. Hikers are "going" between the lodge and re*



*On an island in Red Deer Lake after ride on a raft. Doris Watson and Sandy Somerville pose with king-size raft pole.*

*Evelyn Davidson photo*



*Photographed at one of the lakes between Temple and Lake Louise. From left: Connie Plommer, Ma Lovell, and Mrs. Lovell. Fossils in background.*



# Last Summer's Trail Hike



easy to follow as the road between  
house. Hikers enjoyed this "easy  
edge and rendez-vous with trucks.

*Des Gabor photo*



*Hiker foursome takes well-earned rest after reaching  
Merlin summit. They are Jean Stewart, Jessie Hudson,  
Des Gabor and Lou Shulman.*

*Des Gabor photo*



of the lower Baker Lakes are,  
nner, Margaret Gemmell, C. J.  
vell. Fossil Mountain is seen in

*Evelyn Davidson photo*



*Hikers proceed briskly along Ptarmigan Creek trail.  
Ptarmigan peak looms in the background.*

*(F. W. E. Round photo)*



## Norah & Fascinator

(Continued from page 11)

"The popular opinion is that the present costumes are perfectly satisfactory," I said witheringly, and I jerked my head emphatically only to rouse the caterpillar that controlled me to new and violent fury. I was in no position to argue with Norah. She went on:

"I like these violent reds", said she, "for the purpose I have in mind," and so saying, and to the surprise of the ancilla like operator who had come to appraise my torture, she tossed the scarlet fascinator over her shoulder in a fetching drape. Then, wiggling her fingers through the open-work spaces in the knitted thing, she said, "Hikers could do with these. Good ventilators and mosquito resisting too. The legs of the little beasts would be caught in the fuzzy wool. And what about using them for scooping fish out of those famous mountain lakes? Why, I can think of a dozen uses for scarlet fascinators. Should I write the editor and send him a sample?"

As I have a habit of shaking my head, or nodding it to be exact, when emotionally upset or when arguing, I did not protest Norah's con-

demnation of the strange manners and customs of trail hikers. I was afraid of my torturer, the caterpillar. But I did say, above the zizz and whirr of the electric machine :

"Clothes are of secondary importance to serious hikers. It is the soul-inspiring peace and calm of the lonely Rockies that takes us there. And the restfulness — slopes of stately larch and spruce stretching up to timberline . . ." I jerked my head and the torture curlers jangled fiercely but I was determined to have my say, "Soothing to the worried mind and racked nerves is the utter silence that surrounds one — the silence of high places — that divorces one from the world and its hurry.

"Imagine, Norah, walking and walking and walking along the solitary trails to reach a distant ridge only to find upon arriving that it has disappeared — that it is a hundred miles away. Like life, distance is deceiving. Picture the day lengthening and the sky reflecting a thousand shades as the sun pales and wanes in the mighty heavens. Fancy, the whispering winds coming cool and fragrant, laden with the scent of the long green meadows, the ever present odor of moss, virgin turf and mountain flowers. And above all, the far high peaks, snow-clad and for-



*A view of Skoki camp showing new "doughnut" assembly tent in right foreground.*



bidding, softening and disappearing with the dying day. And the glaciers, rivers of ice that vein the solemn rocks, changing to an inky shade with the mountain night. Do you see what takes us there?"

"I know, I know," broke in Norah. "You are one of those sentimental souls, the world is full of you. But are other, younger women aware of the majesty of the Rockies? Answer me that, my romantic friend!"

Really, the impertinence of Norah is often unbearable. She said, "To get back to the matter of 'right' hiking attire for females. These female hikers are importantly interested, believe me, in feminine wiles and not in such scenes as you describe. What concerns them mainly is the attention of the roving eyes of the male hikers.

#### *Fascinators work wonders*

"Dress can turn the sallowest woman, the most vacant face, into passable attractiveness. Why, even this scarlet fascinator could do something to the ugliest female. Picture a band of young females wandering along the rocky trails wearing colorful fascinators — colors to rival the changing heavens of your memories. The eye-catching appeal to males would be instant. I can almost see those fascinator-draped nymphs skipping over the peaks in happy abandon. If it is publicity they want for the incomparable Rockies, they should supply these trail-mad nymphs with fascinators of scarlet, green, gold and wanton purple."

"How you spook, Norah!" I exclaimed to the accompaniment of considerable caterpillar torture. But she was not to be put off. She went on.

"Why did the courier-de-bois of old wear those dashing sashes round their middles — to fascinate the wild women they met in their travels, naturally. No need to flush at facts," she grinned, "and don't pooh-pooh my suggestion that **any** female hiker is going to disdain the gallantries of the noble male — even in your beloved Rockies!"

"Let me see," she continued, looking thoughtful, "I may send a line to Editor Graham, suggesting the publicity possibilities of scarlet fascinators. Then he could sit back and watch his trail list soar!"

By this time the ancilla like operator, a charmless creature, arrived to unbind my miserable head.

"Think over my suggestion, old dear," said Norah, as, with my scarlet fascinator draped airily over one shoulder, she tripped blithely down the aisle.



*Informal camp scene*

## Calgary Hikers Guests At Gala Get-Together

ONE of the more pleasing features of the trail hike is that the joys of the trail and happy companionships do not end with the closing of camp. They are lived over again and again in retrospect after we return to our homes.

There is correspondence between old and newly-found friends of the trail and the exchanging of photographs. Then, when the happy memories are beginning to fade a little, an eager anticipation of the pleasures in store for the next hike takes over.

Calgarians especially keep their golden hike memories aglow when hiking days are over. At least once a year after camp, they gather together to exchange stories, recall highlights of the previous hike, pore over snapshots and show their kodachromes. The first such gathering was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Vallance, while in 1948 the hosts were Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Holmes.

Last Fall on November 3rd, more than 20 members eagerly accepted an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Lamar of Calgary to a buffet dinner and evening of entertainment at their beautiful home overlooking the city. It was Indian summer and a perfect night.

As the guests approached, a bonfire blazing in front of the log "cabin" extended a cheery welcome. Once inside, in true hiker style, they partook heartily of the sumptuous dinner served by their charming hosts. Attractive harvest decorations added a seasonal touch to the table.

After dinner, to the accompaniment of Clarence Richards and his accordion, the guests participated enthusiastically in the singing of song favorites, between which stories were told, photographs shown and kodachromes exhibited. It was, as all agreed, a wonderful evening.

Mrs. S. R. Vallance



## Merlin Ridge is Aptly Named

★ ★ ★

### Natural Rockpile Ideal For Building Purposes

by Sandy Somerville

YEARS ago some busy person attached the name of "Merlin" to a ridge which lies to the northwest of Mount Richardson and the name, perhaps, is not unsuitable.

Merlin was a famous man at the time of King Arthur. However, one should not suggest he was a man inasmuch as his father was an Incubus, a type of being described as "not absolutely wicked but far from good". It is a little difficult to understand why that definition made our forefathers regard an Incubus as not human.

Merlin achieved great fame because of his feats of magic, such as changing himself into the form of an animal. One of his more famous feats of magic was the transfer of great rocks from Ireland to England to make a sepulchre for Pendragon, an uncle of King Arthur. These stones may now be seen at Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain.

Anyone who has climbed from Upper Merlin Lake to Merlin Ridge will remember the varied assortment of large rocks, nearly all rectangular in shape and varying from the size of a pound of butter to the size of a street car. At no place do any two of these rocks lie in a position which makes a normal comfortable step up — or down.

★

★

★



*Pika Peak from Merlin Ridge*

I don't know whether Merlin created this mason's paradise and I don't know who named it but it would be hard to imagine a finer stockpile for the creation of sepulchres, Stonehenges or Parliament Buildings, provided one had Merlin's magical ability to move the rocks.

*This is it — the Winner!*

"CLICK! CLICK!" went the camera and Jeanne Hunt of Calgary was richer by \$15.00.

But it was no ordinary "click" that won her the cash prize. At the time, Jeanne's camera was aimed in the direction of a peaceful alpine lake, a tranquil sky, a mountainous background — all this and a solitary hiker too!

Put them together and you get the beautiful scene that is reproduced on the adjacent page — the picture that won Jeanne the \$15.00

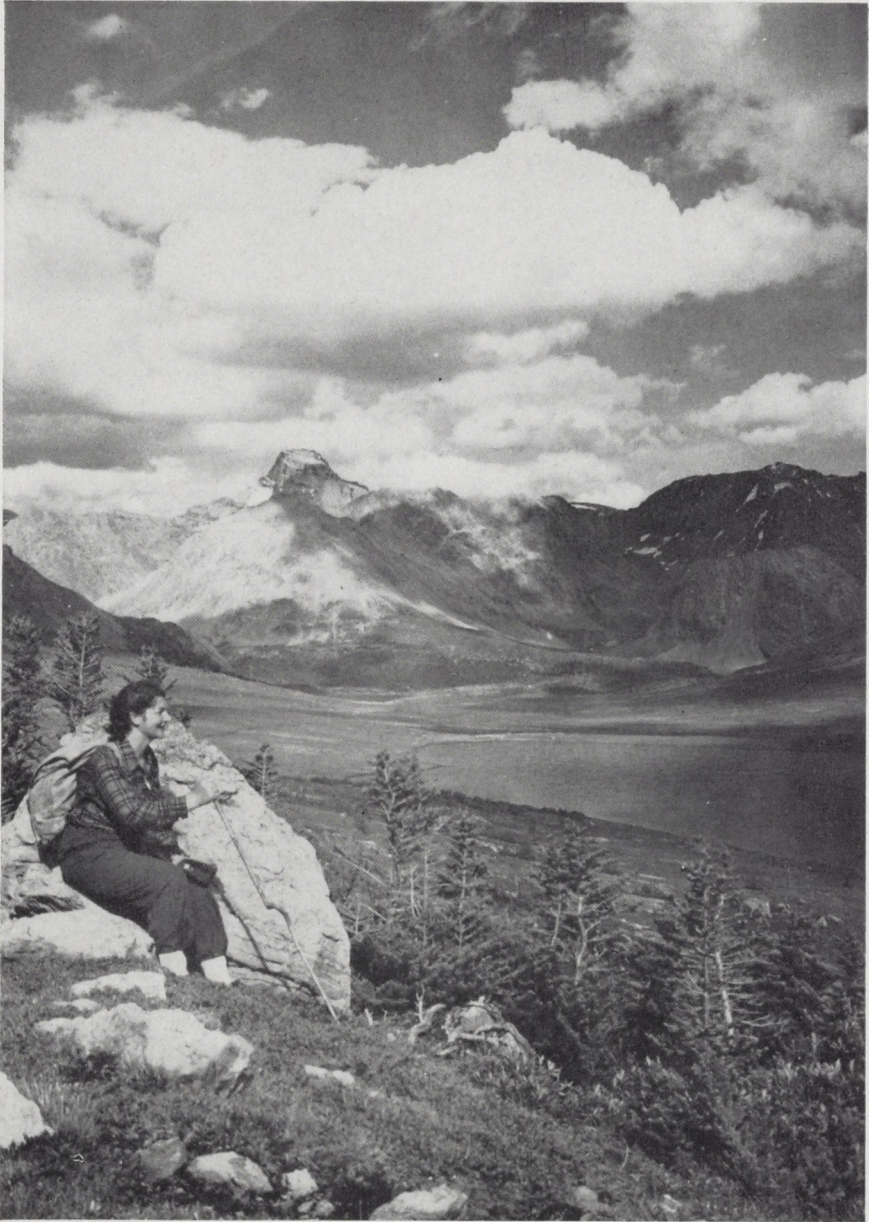
cash prize awarded each year for the winning photograph snapped on the previous hike.

Using the nom-de-plume "Assiniboine", Miss Hunt led from the start, though she was hotly pursued by other top contenders. Last year's winner was "Sandy" Somerville of Edmonton, many of whose photos are presented in this issue.

This summer we're planning to expand the contest by including a second and third prize of \$10.00 and \$5.00 respectively for runners-up. So don't forget that camera when you take to the trails. Your turn may come next!



## PRIZEWINNING HIKE PHOTO



*"The Solitary Hiker"*

by Jeanne Hunt



## Summer and Winter on Same Day!



M. Vey

*Trio at Red Deer Lake*



D. Watson

*August snowball fight*

### THERE'S A WONDERFUL TRAIL

*(Continued from page 9)*

out. Some of our lady hikers will, no doubt, liken it to a bowl of jelly, upside down! Behind this mountain and farther to the south rise Mount Morrison and Mount Byng, altitude 9,760 ft. while to the southwest we see Marvel Peak. The Assiniboine group rises in the west.

Now for a description of the hikes that can be made from our base camp. These include a hike to Marvel Lake — a Sabbath day's journey to the west — with all its surrounding peaks. Another trail leads up Bryant Creek to a point where it is joined by Allenby Creek. Best trail of all, however, leads up Owl Creek, past Owl Lake and on up Marvel Pass, elevation 7,050 ft., a total distance of six miles from camp. Owl Lake is particularly beautiful and with Mount Turner on the east and Marvel Lake just west, the setting is perfect from the photographer's standpoint.

For those who go all the way to Marvel Pass, a real thrill awaits them, the view from the pass being magnificent. Then to the west rises spectacular Mount Gloria with its large glacier and just north the waters of Gloria Lake. Farther to the west are seen Mounts Eon and Aye, both exceeding the 10,000-ft elevation. To the south appear Mounts Aurora, Alcantara and Redman. This view will well repay any extra effort put forward to reach the pass.

So ends this preview of the 1950 itinerary in which I have endeavored to give prospective hikers an idea of what they can look forward to in the way of scenic highlights. This country will be new to most of us and a brand new approach for all to the Mount Assiniboine territory.

It's a foregone conclusion that much film will be run off during the '50 outing while lakes are expected to provide a fine trout harvest for our anglers.

Here's hoping for the best hike ever! The prospective campsite has everything it takes for hiking perfection. All we need now is favorable weather and a group of hikers of the usual calibre. Make your reservations early — we'll be seeing you!

★ ★ ★

### Trail Hiker "Loses Face;" Artist Supplies Another

The hiker looks familiar but the face doesn't.

Many a Skyliner was mumbling words to that effect after perusing the cover photo on the October Bulletin. They were referring to the gent leading the column of hikers who — but for the face — resembled Lou Shulman almost to the letter.

Fact is it was Lou wearing a mask. The "mask", however, was applied with a paint brush on the original photo by an imaginative artist. Not that he didn't approve of Lou's looks. It just happened that black shadow completely obscured Lou's facial features as the camera shutter clicked. And the artist insisted that the leading man should have a face.

We felt that Lou would not object to a bit of photoplastic-surgery under the circumstances. However, it did have many of us fooled for awhile!



# "It's an Old American Custom"

By CHARLES J. LOVELL

(University of Chicago Press)

MOST persons, thinking of Americanisms, regard them as slangy or colloquial expressions, such as *baloney*, *jazz*, *okay*, and the like. Some might also include a few common words from Amerindian languages, as, *moccasins*, *cayuse*, and *squaw*. Still others might consider them as terms differing from British usage, as, *sedan* for saloon-car; *chain-store* (multiple-shop); *groceries* (stores); *dishpan* (washing-up bowl); *ashcan* (dustbin).

However, Americanisms comprise those words and phrases peculiar to the English-speaking people of this continent. It's an old American custom to adopt words, not only from Indian dialects, but from all the tongues in the racial melting pot making up our culture. Hence we use such words as *butte*, *coulee*, and *prairie*, from the French; *cranberry*, *wiener*, *hamburger* (*German*); *schnozzle*, *mazuma*, *kibitzer* (*Yiddish*); *hoodoo*, *banjo*, *juke-box* (*African*); *hooch*, *husky*, *parka* (*Eskimo*); *waffle*, *Santa Claus* (*Dutch*); *adobe*, *lasso*, *canyon* (*Spanish*); *chop suey*, *chow mein* (*Chinese*); along with many good old English words having distinctly American applications.

The number of these terms is legion. For instance, material for the University of Chicago's forthcoming *Dictionary of Americanisms* occupies 28 feet of shelf space. A still more specialized book, Dr. W. L. McAtee's *Dictionary of American Birds*, also in preparation, lists 67,000 synonyms for the 800-odd species of birds found north of Mexico.

Having considered the sources of Americanisms, let us study a few words relating to some phase of everyday life. Since to go upon *hikes* on mountain *trails*, *roughing it*, and *camping out*, is a good old American (and Canadian) custom, we may as well start there.

The verb *hike* has long been used in English dialects in the sense of *absquatulate*, *vamoose*, *scram*; our noun use is but 50 years old. Again, in Britain a trail meant the track or scent of an

animal being hunted; pioneers, depending upon animal paths to get through virgin forests, adapted the word to our special sense. Roughing it and camping out are also American adaptations.

Along the trail we see many birds, such as the *robin*, *chickadee*, and *Canada jay*. The first name, an old diminutive of Robert, is American as applied to *Turdus migratorius*; Britain's most characteristic bird, the redbreast, is a small, warbler-like thrush, little resembling our roly-poly robins. Homesick colonists, remembering old scenes, carried the beloved name to far places, bestowing it upon many unrelated birds in America as well as Australia.

The ever-cheerful chickadee derives its name from its note, while Canada jay is the "proper" name for the impudent, inquisitive, clownish rascal who is the best known (and most maligned) bird of the Northland. Campers who have seen these jeering fellows fly off with a hunk of bacon or cake of soap will readily understand some of the vernacular names of *le geai du Canada*: *camp robber*, *meat hawk*, *grease* (or *tallow*) *bird*. From the circumstance that it often perches upon the backs of animals, helping rid them of ticks, come such other names as *moose* (or *caribou*, or *venison*) *bird*, *venison hawk* (or *heron*). Another name, *Whisky Jack* (or *John*) is corrupted from an Indian word, *wiskatjan*, meaning "bird of old camping places." A North Woods legend affirms that when lumbermen die their spirits take possession of a jay, whence the bird is also called *lumberjack*.

Speaking of *moose*, our hikers sometimes see these beasts browsing in the forest; their name, from the Algonquian, means "he strips off leaves."

Scurrying nervously up and down a tree, we meet a tiny squirrel (Greek, *skia ouros*: shadow-tail). His Latin name, *Tamias*, meaning "steward," refers to his hoarding propensities, but the *chipmunk*'s common name has nothing

(Continued on page 21)

**Remember The Dates • July 29th-August 2nd**



**MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!**





## Report on Fossils

**H**IKERS who picked up fossils on last year's hike may be interested in the following extract from a report received by J. J. Plommer of Vancouver. It was received by Mr. Plommer from the Department of Geology and Geography of the University of British Columbia, and refers to a quantity of fossils Mr. Plommer submitted for analysis.

"The specimens from Banff National Park are limestones and dolomites, the fossiliferous limestone being apparently middle Devonian in age. The fossils represented are corals probably of the genera *Eridophyllum* and *Cladopora*.

"The highly weathered specimens apparently are dolomites in which the weathering has brought out the variability in hardness. The chert specimens in the larger sample have doubtless accumulated around organic nuclei, but what these were cannot now be told".

M. Y. Williams

### Trail Map

For the benefit of those taking the hike this summer, a specially prepared map showing the area to be covered has been inserted in this issue of the "Skyline Trail".

Prepared by artist Herb Ashley of Camrose, Alta., the map shows the route along which the buses will take us from Banff to the hike's starting point, as well as the most outstanding trails leading from our camp.

The Secretary-Treasurer has a liberal stock of the maps on hand and will be glad to send extra copies to those interested.

## Change of Address? Please Let's Have It

— So you've found a new house, a new apartment, a new room — or even a new tepee? Lucky you are indeed. No doubt you advised your friends of your new address. But how about the Bulletin editor?

Several Bulletins mailed out with the last run have been returned to this office bearing such inscriptions as address unknown; moved, left no address; unclaimed, etc. etc.

Inasmuch as this deprives a rightful reader of his or her Bulletin the Editor requests all members to notify this office as soon as possible following any change of address. Otherwise Bulletins continue to go to previous destinations and thereby become lost or at best returned to the sender.

Bulletins addressed to the following were recently returned: Miss S. C. Brown, Trail, B.C.; Miss M. Fawdry, Calgary, and Miss Mary Moon and A. N. Carscallen, also of Calgary. We would be extremely grateful if some fellow member could inform us where these hikers now reside.

### Hair-Raising

*Bill:* Can you tell me how to avoid falling hair?"

*Frank:* Sure! Get out of the way quick.

*Bill:* Be serious, my hair's getting thin.

*Frank:* We'll who wants fat hair anyway.

## Trail Hikers at Ease --- and in Action



Lady Wheeler

—

Doris Watson

—

Jean Stewart

—

Margaret Vey





Des Gabor photo

*Hikers with backs to Upper Merlin Lake are left to right: Lou Shulman, Jean Stewart, Jessie Hudson, Des Gabor.*

## OLD AMERICAN CUSTOM

(Continued from page 19)

to do with the "chipping" sounds he emits, nor with monkeys. Rather, it is a corruption of a Chippewa word, *atchitamón*, "he goes headfirst."

We also see an occasional bear. Though an ancient race, bears have been extinct in Britain since the 11th century. Our terms *black*, *brown*, *cinnamon*, and *grizzly bear* are therefore Americanisms. The last term, instead of describing its gray-streaked coat, may derive, instead, from the animal's terrifying aspect; early writers (who were often poor spellers) called it the *grisly bear*.

Space forbids discussion of all the animals and plants along the way, so let's *bushwhack* through the timber and *hustle* down to camp, so's to get

our *duffle bags* unpacked. (*Bushwhacking* was originally the act of *voyageurs* pulling boats upstream by grasping overhanging bushes.)

*Blue jeans* or *levis*; fringed *hunting shirts*, *parkas*, *blanket coats* or *mackinaws*; *boot pacs* or *moccasins*; *derbies* or *Stetsons* — our clothing is all American.

And now, we'd better stop, for *cookee's* calling: "Come an' get it, or we'll throw it out!" So it's Ho! for the *chow line* (Chinese), to fill up with some of the tasty grub they're dishing out. No, "grub" isn't American, though most of the food certainly is: *bacon and eggs* (our British cousins call 'em eggs and bacon); *Boston baked beans*; *hot biscuits* (scones); *hot dogs*, alias *wieners*; *canned corn* (in Scotland corn means oats; in England, usually wheat).



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Farman, Miss Jeanette, Calgary, Alta.  
Fawdry, Miss Marion, Calgary, Alta.  
Ferguson, Miss J. F., Calgary, Alta.  
Ferguson, Bruce, Edmonton, Alta.  
Feuz, Ernest, Lake Louise, Alta.  
Fife, Miss Margaret, New York, N.Y.  
Fingland, Miss B. E., Moose Jaw, Sask.  
Fisher, Donald, Montreal, Que.  
Fisher, George, Canmore, Alta.  
Fitch, Miss Jean, Vancouver, B.C.  
Fleming, Miss Margaret, Winnipeg, Man.  
Forman, Mrs. John, Litchfield, Conn.  
Forman, John, Litchfield, Conn.  
Fraser, Miss Edith, Calgary, Alta.  
Frost, Miss Kay, Calgary, Alta.  
Fulker, Miss E., Calgary, Alta.  
Fullbrook, Mrs. Anne, Banff, Alta.  
Fuller, Lawrence, Banff, Alta.  
Fuller, Mrs. Lawrence, Banff, Alta.  
Gabor, Des, New York, N.Y.  
Galbraith, Miss Jean, Lethbridge, Alta.  
Gale, Henry L., Vancouver, B.C.  
Garbutt, Miss Edith, Calgary, Alta.  
Garbutt, Miss Betty, Calgary, Alta.  
Gardner, Miss L. M., Edmonton, Alta.  
Garfield, Miss Lillian, Calgary, Alta.  
Gemmell, Miss M. F., Brandon, Man.  
Genge, Miss Connie E., Nelson, B.C.  
Gest, Miss Lillian, Merion, Pa.  
Gillespie, G. F., Montreal, Que.  
Gillespie, Dr. A. T., Fort William, Ont.  
Goldsmith, Miss Faith, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Good, H. E., Nanaimo, B.C.  
Gordon, Mrs. Whonock, B.C.  
Gordon, Miss Margot, Whonock, B.C.  
Gordon, Miss M., Calgary, Alta.  
Gourley, Mrs. B., Banff, Alta.  
Gow, Dr. Robert, Banff, Alta.  
Gowans, Miss Marjorie, Montreal, Que.  
Gowler, Miss Margaret, Toronto, Ont.  
Graham, Miss Bess F., Alton, Ill.  
Graves, S. Lake O'Hara, B.C.  
Green, Miss Annie, Vancouver, B.C.  
Gustafsson, Miss Anna, San Francisco, Cal.  
Green, H. A. V., Winnipeg, Man.  
Guzy, Charles, Wilkes Barre, Pa.  
Guzy, Miss Sylvia, Wilkes Barre, Pa.  
Godfrey, Miss Marilyn, Wenonah, N.J.  
Gordon, Miss Meta, Calgary, Alta.  
Hains, Douglas, Montreal, Que.  
Hall, Edward, Jr., Fitchburg, Mass.  
Hamilton, Mrs. B., Golden, B.C.  
Hamilton, Miss Nancy, Calgary, Alta.  
Hanley, Miss Olive, Chicago, Ill.  
Harkin, J. B., Ottawa, Ont.  
Heideman, Charles, Chicago, Ill.  
Hendrie, Miss M. P., Calgary, Alta.  
Harper, Miss Jane V., Chicago, Ill.  
Helliwell, Miss Norah, Winnipeg, Man.  
Holliday, Miss Vera, Nelson, B.C.  
Hinder, Miss Hilda F., Victoria, B.C.  
Hinman, Miss Caroline, Summit, N.J.  
Hoff, John Barbery, Reading, Pa.  
Hodgson, E., Calgary, Alta.  
Holmes, Miss Clara, Winnipeg, Man.  
Holmes, E. P., Calgary, Alta.  
Holland, Leonard, Vancouver, B.C.  
Hollander, Sidney, Baltimore, Md.  
Hollander, Mrs. Sidney, Baltimore, Md.  
Hopkins, Eric, Crossfield, Alta.  
Horsey, G. F., Field, B.C.  
Howard, H. E., Calgary, Alta.

Howard, P. M., Calgary, Alta.  
Howard, Mrs. P. M., Calgary, Alta.  
Hrubesch, Miss Helen, Cedar Rapids, Ia.  
Hudson, Miss Jessie, Tranquille, B.C.  
Hull, Norman, Montreal, Que.  
Hughes, Miss Mary E., Calgary, Alta.  
Hunt, Miss J., Calgary, Alta.  
Hunt, Miss Jeanne, Calgary, Alta.  
Hunter, Miss Lorna, Calgary, Alta.  
Hutchings, Miss Edith I., Brandon, Man.  
Hutchings, Miss M. I., Brandon, Man.  
Inglis, Miss Joan, Calgary, Alta.  
Jennings, Major P. J., Banff, Alta.  
Jensen, T. C., Standard, Alta.  
Jensen, Miss, Standard, Alta.  
Jones, C. A., London, England  
Jones, Miss Irene P., Trail, B.C.  
Jones, Miss Rilla, Calgary, Alta.  
Keith, Miss Mary, Edmonton, Alta.  
Kelly, A. R., Haney, B.C.  
Kelly, W. M., Calgary, Alta.  
Kenyon, Miss Grace, Chicago, Ill.  
Kidd, Miss Effie, Calgary, Alta.  
Kippen, Miss Evelyn, Calgary, Alta.  
Kirkland, Wallace, Chicago, Ill.  
Koenig, Miss Elizabeth, Chicago, Ill.  
Koontz, Mrs. A. G., Ottumwa, Iowa.  
Kuster, R. R., Maywood, Ill.  
Kuster, Mrs. R. R., Maywood, Ill.  
Kuster, Miss Mary Alyce, Maywood, Ill.  
Laidlaw, F. L., Vancouver, B.C.  
Lark-Horowitz, Dr. K., Lafayette, Indiana.  
Lamar, E. P., Calgary, Alta.  
Lamar, Mrs. E. P., Calgary, Alta.  
Lamont, Miss May, Calgary, Alta.  
Larson, Miss Inez E., Minneapolis, Minn.  
Lauer, Miss Edith, Baltimore, Md.  
Lavell, Miss M. F., Calgary, Alta.  
Leacock, Leonard, Calgary, Alta.  
LeBlond, Miss Neva, Pendleton, Ore.  
Leif, Miss Peggy, Calgary, Alta.  
Leifson, Mrs. Einar, Vermillion S.D.  
Lensing, Miss Genevieve, Cleveland, O.  
Leviton, Dr. E., Glencoe, Ill.  
Leviton, Dr. D., Glencoe, Ill.  
Lipin, Miss Edith, Chicago, Ill.  
Lockhart, Miss Araby, Montreal, Que.  
Lore, Miss Mary, Calgary, Alta.  
Lovell, Chas. J., Chicago, Ill.  
Lovell, Mrs. Chas. J., Chicago, Ill.  
Lum, Dr. Frederick H., Jr., Chatham, N.J.  
Lum, Mrs. Frederick N., Jr., Chatham, N.J.  
MacCarthy, A. H., Annapolis, Md.  
MacDonald, Mrs. J. Hembroff, Wpg., Man.  
MacDonald, Jack, Winnipeg, Man.  
MacDougall, Kent, Glencoe, Ill.  
Macdonald, Miss Kay, Edmonton, Alta.  
MacFarland, Mrs. D. C., Woodbury, N.J.  
MacFarlane, Margaret E., Saskatoon, Sask.  
Mapplebeck, Mrs. Eva, Black Diamond, Alta.  
Martin, Mrs. David J., Vancouver, B.C.  
Martin, David J., Vancouver, B.C.  
Martin, G. C., Vancouver, B.C.  
Martin, Miss Irene, Cicero, Ill.  
Martin, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.  
Martin, Miss Millicent, Winnipeg, Man.  
Mathews, F. T., Calgary, Alta.  
Mathewson, Miss Hope, New York, N.Y.  
Mather, Miss Joan, Calgary, Alta.  
Maunsell, Miss Frances, Montreal, Que.  
Maunsell, J. Q., Montreal, Que.  
Maxwell, Miss Clara, New Westminster, B.C.  
Mayor, Miss S. W., Calgary, Alta.  
Mayor, Miss S. W., Calgary, Alta.  
Mawhinney, Miss Grace, Calgary, Alta.  
McCaffrey, Miss Emily, Russell, Ont.  
McCowan, Miss Helen, Brandon, Man.  
McCowan, Miss Mamie, Brandon, Man.  
McDougall, Miss Anne, Brandon, Man.  
McEvoy, Mrs. Ruth, Detroit, Mich.  
McFarlane, Miss Jean, Calgary, Alta.  
McIntosh, Miss Angela, Brynna, Alta.  
McKeown, Miss Muriel, Salmon Arm, B.C.  
McMurtry, Miss Eleanor, Calgary, Alta.  
Merkt, Oswald E. D., Naugatuck, Conn.





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 Miller, Miss Mary, Burford, Ont.  
 Mills, Mrs. J. S., Saskatoon, Sask.  
 Mitchell, Mr. B., Woodbury, N.J.  
 Moodie, Miss Marcella, Vancouver, B.C.  
 Moon, Miss Mary, Calgary, Alta.  
 Moore, Mrs. Barbara, Edmonton, Alta.  
 Moore, Mrs. Barbara, Edmonton, Alta.  
 Moore, Miss I. Diana, London, England  
 Moore, R. O., London, England  
 Morant, Nicholas, Montreal, Que.  
 Morant, Mrs. Nicholas, Montreal, Que.  
 Morris, Mrs. A. H., Vancouver, B.C.  
 Morton, Mrs. J. R., Washington, D.C.  
 Mulvey, J. C., Tacoma, Wash.  
 Nelson, Henty, New York, N.Y.  
 Nelson, Miss Jeanne, Calgary, Alta.  
 Nichols, Graham, Montreal, Que.  
 Nicholls, Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.  
 Nicholls, Mrs. Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.  
 Niven, Miss Bunt, Calgary, Alta.  
 Niven, Mrs. F., London, Eng.  
 Noble, Miss Ella, Calgary, Alta.  
 North, Mrs. E. C., Summit, N.J.  
 O'Brien, W. J., East Orange, N.J.  
 Oggesen, Miss Mabel L., Buffalo, N.Y.  
 Oliver, Mrs. Lorna, New York, N.Y.  
 Omohundro, Mrs. H. P., Scottsville, Va.  
 Packham, Miss Mabel, Calgary, Alta.  
 Page, Miss Isabel W., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Palenske, R. H., Wilmette, Ill.  
 Palenske, John, Wilmette, Ill.  
 Palmer, John, Calgary, Alta.  
 Park, Miss Lorna, Calgary, Alta.  
 Paterson, Mrs. Joan, Calgary, Alta.  
 Patton, Miss Barbara, Dallas, Tex.  
 Payne, John, Calgary, Alta.  
 Payne, Mrs. John, Calgary, Alta.  
 Peck, Miss G., Moose Jaw, Sask.  
 Peckham, H. G., Vancouver, B.C.  
 Pedlar, Mrs. Fred, Olds, Alta.  
 Phillips, Mrs. W. J., Calgary, Alta.  
 Phillips, W. J., Calgary, Alta.  
 Plommer, Miss Connie, Vancouver, B.C.  
 Plommer, J. J., Vancouver, B.C.  
 Porter, Miss Eva, Calgary, Alta.  
 Preston, Mrs. Carvel, Salmon Arm, B.C.  
 Pritchards, Miss K., Nelson, B.C.  
 Prybylowski, Miss Florence, LaCrosse, Wis.  
 Quehl, Mrs. E. B., Battleford, Sask.

Ramsay, Miss Helen, Edmonton, Alta.  
 Rabinowitz, Edwin X., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Rawlings, Miss Pat, Seebe, Alta.  
 Rea, Dr. George, Saskatoon, Sask.  
 Read, Walter T., Regina, Sask.  
 Redfern, Miss Edna, Calgary, Alta.  
 Reesor, Miss Marion, Brandon, Man.  
 Reid, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.  
 Reid, Miss Ruth, Edmonton, Alta.  
 Rice, Wallace H., Kansas City, Mo.  
 Richards, C. A., Calgary, Alta.  
 Richards, Mrs. C. A., Calgary, Alta.  
 Riddoch, Miss Beth, Calgary, Alta.  
 Riley, Mrs. R. C., Calgary, Alta.  
 Rile, Miss Pat, Calgary, Alta.  
 Ritchie, Miss Peggy, Salmon Arm, B.C.  
 Roberts, Ian, Montreal, Que.  
 Roberts, Tom, Montreal, Que.  
 Rogers, Mrs. D. N., Southampton, England  
 Rolston, F. W., Hamilton, Ont.  
 Round, F. W. E., Banff, Alta.  
 Rourke, Miss Shirley, Calgary, Alta.  
 Rungius, Carl, Banff, Alta.  
 Russell, Capt. E. N., Victoria, B.C.  
 Sabin, Mrs. Helen, Winfield, Alta.  
 Sampson, H. E., Regina, Sask.  
 Sandman, Miss Ida, New York, N.Y.  
 Sanson, N.B., Banff, Alta.  
 Sanger, Miss Gladys, New York, N.Y.  
 Sayers, Miss J. Molly, London, England  
 Scott, Miss J., Calgary, Alta.  
 Sherwood, Dr. T. K., Boston, Mass.  
 Shulman, L. W., Calgary, Alta.  
 Sieburth, Miss Louise, Vancouver, B.C.  
 Sieburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.  
 Silverman, Miss R., Chicago, Ill.  
 Slane, Henry, Peoria, Ill.  
 Sloper, Leslie A., Boston, Mass.  
 Smith, Miss Adelaide, Montreal, Que.  
 Somerville, Dr. A., Edmonton, Alta.  
 Somerville, Ian C., Willow Grove, Pa.  
 Somerville, Mrs. L., Willow Grove, Pa.  
 Spalding, Miss K., Calgary, Alta.  
 Speakman, Dr. Tom, Winnipeg, Man.  
 Speakman, Miss Gena M., Calgary, Alta.  
 Speakman, Miss M., Edmonton, Alta.  
 Steeves, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.  
 Stevenson, Prof. O. J., Guelph, Ont.  
 Stevenson, Mrs. O. J., Guelph, Ont.  
 Stewart, Miss Jean, Fort William, Ont.  
 Stratton, Robert, Woodbury, N.J.  
 Strawbridge, Miss M. S., Montreal, Que.

Struthers, Miss Betsy, Calgary, Alta.  
 Sutherland, Miss Margaret, Calgary, Alta.  
 Swartz, Mrs. Ira, Kelowna, B.C.  
 Thal-Larsen, Herman, Berkeley, Cal.  
 Thal-Larsen, Mrs. Herman, Berkeley, Cal.  
 Thelen, Miss Mary F., Virginia.  
 Thomas, Miss D. M., Malvern, England  
 Tilm, Dr. J. G., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Trotter, Miss Peggy, Calgary, Alta.  
 Turbayne, Miss L., Banff, Alta.  
 Turner, Miss Dorothy, Calgary, Alta.  
 Tye, Miss Madeline, Calgary, Alta.  
 Vallance, Sydney R., Calgary, Alta.  
 Vallance, Peter, Calgary, Alta.  
 Vallance, Mrs. S. R., Calgary, Alta.  
 Vaux, Henry, Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
 Vey, Miss Margaret, Tranquille, B. C.  
 Waddell, Mrs. Alice, Calgary, Alta.  
 Wall, Miss Shirley, Armstrong, B.C.  
 Walker, D. H., Penhold, Alta.  
 Walker, Miss Elva M., Monterey Park, Cal.  
 Walker, Major W. J. Selby, Calgary, Alta.  
 Ward, J. D., Bronxville, N.Y.  
 Ward, Mrs. Samuel, Banff, Alta.  
 Ward, Samuel, Banff, Alta.  
 Ward, Miss Margaret, Evanston, Ill.  
 Watson, Miss Doris, Lethbridge, Alta.  
 Webster, Mrs. E. C., Staveley, Alta.  
 Weekes, Mrs. Mary, Regina, Sask.  
 Westinghouse, A., Saanichton, B.C.  
 Wheeler, John O., Sidney, B.C.  
 Wheeler, Brig. Sir Edward O., M.C., Banff, Alta.  
 Wheeler, Lady Dorothea, Banff, Alta.  
 Whyte, Miss Dorothy V., Lynn Creek, B.C.  
 Wilde, Mrs. W. J., Stratford-on-Avon, Eng.  
 Wilder, Miss Emma L., La Crosse, Wis.  
 Wilson, Miss Gladys, Edmonton, Alta.  
 Wilson, Miss Leonore, LaCrosse, Wis.  
 Winn, Dr. A. R., Montreal, Que.  
 Wolfenden, Mrs. L. C., Toronto, Ont.  
 Wortman, Mrs. Margaret, Enderby, B.C.  
 Wurzbarger, Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.  
 Wurzbarger, Mrs. Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.  
 Wyatt, Miss Elva A., Chicago, Ill.  
 Wylie, Miss Bessie, Calgary, Alta.  
 Wylie, Miss M. C., Calgary, Alta.  
 Yauch, C. E., Olds, Alta.  
 Zech, Mrs. Luther, Howard Lake, Minn.  
 Zillmer, Dr. Helen, Milwaukee, Wis.